

An editor's lament or yet another general meeting

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AN EDITOR'S LAMENT OR YET ANOTHER GENERAL MEETING.

With the exception of one, all the Annual General Meetings of Swiss Societies in London have now been held. Most of them were connected either with a luncheon or a dinner, thus making them more palatable, and less exacting to the members.

Having now listened to a large number of Presidential reports, minutes of Secretaries and Treasurers' statements reporting either a debit or credit balance, which nobody seemed to take very seriously if they were on the "wrong side", I decided, — not to be left out — and held a General Meeting of the "Swiss Observer" all on my own, having gained, through all these years, no mean experience of such undertakings.

This Meeting took place one day this month at the recently newly installed Editor's offices at 23, Leonard Street, E.C.2. Apart from the Editor, there was nobody present and that eliminated any uncalled for opposition or criticism, which I consider was a very smart piece of work.

I purposely did not ask the Publishers to be present, as they would have, no doubt, presented me with a dismal picture of the financial position of this famous paper which has now appeared, without interruption, for the last 31 years, and that would have worried me greatly. I rightly thought I would leave the worries to them, which I again consider was a smart move on my part.

Sitting in my comfortable editorial Chair, I addressed, unsupported, an imaginary audience, giving them an exhaustive *résumé* of my work and activities during the last twelve months.

Relying on my notes, I reiterated that, during the period in question, I had attended 38 ordinary Society's meetings, 12 General Meetings, 8 Banquets and Balls (of which two had been in the Provinces), 9 Dances, 3 Xmas Dinners, 8 Funerals, 5 Exhibitions, 2 Shooting Matches, 11 Press Conferences, 7 Receptions with cocktails, 14 Cinema Shows, 2 Weddings, 3 Ice Hockey Matches, 2 Patriotic Demonstrations and 5 Yodel and other Concerts.

I mentioned that, in spite of the stringent austerity conditions, I must have swallowed a few gallons of consommé, finished off at least half a poultry farm, depleted some of the Scottish salmon streams, ate more grass or salad than an average "Vache", consumed ice cream enough to freeze a whole consign-

ment of Canterbury lamb, drank cocktails, wines, spirits and occasionally water (the latter principally early the next morning) and, last but not least, added an extra two stone to my already considerable weight, which has caused much annoyance and perplexity in certain quarters.

Mention was also made, that I danced with a score of lovely Ladies, both light and heavy, fair and dark, shed tears over Farewell parties, slept half way through cinema shows, listened to lectures and tried to look intellectual, smiled when listening to never-ending speeches (though inwardly boiling), shouted myself hoarse at Ice Hockey Matches, felt sentimental at Concerts of classical and Swiss music, looked gloomy at funerals and happy at weddings, sympathised with old age, feeling as old as they, told the youngsters of the Colony that I felt and drank every day Younger(s), spent a small fortune on Aspirin tablets, taxis trains and buses.

I reported, that I wrote many thousands of lines relating to news, reporting numerous social functions held in the Colony, obituaries, concerts, lectures, Feuilletons, biographies and God knows what.

On concluding this detailed narrative of my twelve months activities, I paid a warm tribute to myself for having been able to survive. I scratched my own back, as nobody was present to do it for me, and finally voted myself — in the absence of the Publishers — an extra £500 per year and wishing myself health and strength for the next twelve months.

ST.



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